#### The Turn of the Year.

Ridgeville lay about the center of the portion of the State rolled, and so, though yet this ice was far less durable than that Should the wind blow steadily from the suddenly rise and break into fragments their fetters. Just why or how this ocest inhabitant had a tradition that the bodies cast in the depth during an Indian massacre became restless. Probably some increased force in the springs at the bottom and the peculiar overhanging of the the vagary.

Ridgeville itself was a tiny affair, regarding population, though it possessed the dignity of being the county seat. Time was with the village, and hence it had the honors, but not the strength of age. It had been the first settlement of the whites when they dared leave the seaboard. Its gray stone church had been the first edifice not of logs erected in the colony. So wide, indeed, had been the fame of the sacred structure that Queen Anne, who seems to have had a world-embracing benevolence in small things, sent a chime for his tower. During the revolution all these bells save one had gone into the furnace to furnish bullets for the patriots, and that one was now so cherished as an emblem and type that only on occasions of state was it permitted to be rung. The last time that its voice had been heard was, as the oldest inhabitant was fond of recalling, when "the Jedge was marret." As a modern attribute of importance, in the same inclosure with this ancient church was the new courthouse, with the clerk's office in front and the sheriff's stronghold in the

Arnold, the local potentate, a first citizen, with no one so presumptuous as to aspire to his class. The years had dealt as kindly with his Honor as had fortune, and little fildren, who had once asked their parents might, were now full grown and answering similar inquiries from children of their own. When he drove down the road to the courthouse, as he did every week day, the homage which he received was only limited by the numbers that he met. The crehins bound for school would doff their caps, and he would good-naturedly snap his whip at them in return. .The men, on their way to the cheese factories between great cans of milk, would, of course, turn out and then respectfully crave his opinion as to the state of the produce market. Sometimes he would meet a pretty girl on her way to the store, and then it was a sight to see the gallantry with which he would assist her to the seat beside him. Sometimes old Mrs. Banks would waylay him at the turn with an adroit inquiry as to investment, amid much solitude as to the health of the family. No one could be shrewder than old Mrs. Banks. She counted that the Judge would forget about putting such service down before he reached his office. Sometimes of his own accord he would stop at the half-way house, that old tavern of the post road, and pick up John Kane, a young lawyer, and his prime fa-vorite. Sometimes he would stop and chat with farmer Steele, his nearest neighbor, find infinite amusement in that origi quaintness and queerness. Sometimes he would venture a word in season to Silas, the farmer's son, who, he thought, wasted time in vague ambitions and vaguer graults. And whatever it was that he did. ne Judge took a delight, and the people a ride in it. To use his frequent expression, is lines had indeed fallen in pleasant places. And yet the oldest inhabitants often narked in taproom confidences that "the sige's father had been the meanest, sest-fisted, most ornary old skinflint

Alan, such lines are a feeble defense emed to the Judge that all the forces of re were besetting him. The sun was extinguished, there was no light nor heat or verdure; smiles were false; hearts were black; the sense of existence was so terrible that one must either find some way to cast it aside, or go mad! In a word, the Judge's wife died, and his geniality, his fortitude, his conscience, seemed to have accompanied her. His daughter, Emily, and his niece, Mary, could do nothing to tranquilize his grief nor to assuage his despair. At first people said that the Judge would surely go into a decline, and then, after a little, they whispered that it would have been well if he had done so. "You can't take the better half out of anything," quoth farmer Steele, "and expect much of the remnant." It was one of the last days of December that Mary Russell returned to her uncle's home after an enforced visit with some friends in the city. The cause of this coming back was neither repentance on her part, nor a removal of the prohibition by the Judge, but an urgent letter from her cousin Emily, presaging, yet not revealing, more trouble. The love between these two girls surpassed that of sisters. had not hesitated a moment; beher natural vivacity demanded a knowledge and a part in the queer events which had transpired in that quiet home since her aunt's death. "Oh, Emily, what is it now?" cried Mary when the two were alone in the citting room which they had shared for many happy years. "Surely there is nothwrong with Jack, your father is so

aghout the countryside.

nold, bitterly. "Now he doesn't hesitate to se such an honorable, noble fellow as John Kane of fraud and crime."
"Oh, Emily, it cannot be. Didn't he consent so willingly hasn't he often said that he would resign his practice, when the time came, into

Jack's hands? That was in those good days when mother was alive and he was truly my father and your uncle. Why should you be surprised? Did he ever try in any way to prevent the fondness between you and Silas? Didn't he use to jest over what you would ever be able to make of a jack-of-all-trader and a master of none? And yet a me 'h since didn't he send you away becan e you wouldn't say that would discard the poor fellow? He used to be so fond of treating you like a daughter. Now he treats his daughter like you. But, Emily, you know that even at his best, uncle thought Silas erratic. And while he did justice to the good qualities of his

heart, could never appreciate those of his

head. But Jack Kane, why, everybody

knows how fond he was of him.

"And yet my father permits that venom ous old woman, Mrs. Banks, to go about proclaiming that Jack is a scoundrel. And day before yesterday he sternly forbade my ever seeing or having communication with him. I have tried so hard to find out fust what the trouble is; but I am so ignorant about matters, and so averse to talk on such a subject. This is the case as well as I can understand it: Old Mrs. Banks is papa's elient, you know. It seems she had a mortgage on Jennison's house across the lake, and there were arrears of interest, and so papa foreclosed Now. Jack was appointed to sell it as an auctioneer, I think they call it as referee, and on the day of the sale farmer Steele bought the property for \$2,000. Well in a few days, Mrs. Banks called on papa, and wanted the money; you know what an old miser she is. 'Very well,' said papa, 'it is still in the hands of the referee; supposing that you call at his office and get it from him.' And so Mrs. Banks went over to see Jack, and demanded her \$2,000. 'Did Judge Arnold say I still had the money?" asked Jack, turning very pale. 'Certainly he did,' snappen Mrs. Banks, 'and I want is pretty quick, too.' "Then,' replied Jack. Twe got nothing to say, except that I cannot give it to you.' And oh, Mary, they say there was such a vulgar scene That wicked old woman screamed until she had collected all the tenants and bystanders, and then to his face she called Jack a thief. "Jack, for God's sake speak," cried your dear, brave Silas, who happened to be present. "There is nothing that I can say, persisted Jack, folding his arms like a martyr. And then all the cowards shrunk away and jeered. And Mrs. Banks makes such awful threats, and-and-and-papa asserts that a public example should be made of such dishonesty. "Oh. dear! Oh. dear." "But, Emily." insisted Mary, "there must be some misunderstanding, some dreadful the money. You know how queer he is.

And Jack might be shielding him on Silas's mournfully. "He has Jack's receipt, and I put an extra pressure on my brain. him guilty, never, never,

there is not one. Why not, therefore, be-lieve that he will triumphantly refute so betrothed; because he locks his door against his best friend, Silas Steele. Oh, I

there is anything wrong with my uncle's mind?" asked Mary in an awed whisper. "Mary, let me read to you what last night's Inquirer says: 'It is the universal opinion of the county bar that never in his long career of usefulness and honor has Judge Arnold displayed such perspicuity, clearness and erudition as during the term of his court which adjourned to-day. It is a matter of congratulation with all good citizens that his Honor's sturdy frame and vigorous intellect warrant the confident hope that for many years he may continue in our midst as an exempiar of antique virtues.' No, Mary, you and I know that papa is changed sadly in his home life; but as a olle man he is stronger and more popuiar than ever before."

"I wonder whether his sending me away because I refused to abandon poor Silas would be termed an antique virtue?" quenorthern shore had something to do with ried Mary, with a mischievous expression conquering for a moment her anxious face. has forgotten all about it, or at least it pleases him to pretend that he has: For when I asked him whether he had any objection to your returning he said, 'Certainly not; I don't know why the minx should have gone away!" "Well, then, the minx will take it for

granted that he has also withdrawn his prohibition and will seek her fond and oolish swain as quickly as may be. You don't happen to know, do you, Emily, with what particular, useless piece of work Silas happens to be engaged at present?" Emily smiled despite herself. "He is helping his father to move that

house across the lake," she explained.

"What house, for mercy's sake?" "Why, Jennison's house, the house that his father bought at that fatal sale, of course! You know what a queer old chap farmer Steele is. I remember papa dewell, people wondered why he should have bought the property. The house, truly, is a good frame one, and the land is rich; but then it's almost impossible to get a tenant to live so far from town. But the old man chuckled and said he knew what was what. He could use the land for pas-turage, and as for the building, it was just what he wanted on the fine corner lot opposite to his own place. 'How are you go-ing to get it over?' the neighbors asked, jestingly, 'by sail or by balloon?' 'By skate,' the farmer retorted; and that's what he's busied with now, and you may be sure that Silas is helping him with all

sorts of crazy inventions."
"Well, he shall help us with those same crazy inventive powers," protested Mary. and you may be sure he will have both an explanation and a remedy. I only do wish that people knew Silas as well as I do; then they would respect and admire him as much as they now make fun of him. So, cheer up, cousin mine. The day after to-morrow will be the first of the new year. I always remember what my nurse used to tell me when I was a child, that the reason why we should all be happy at this season is that troubles and sorrow are more apt to disappear at the turn of the year than at any other time. Perhaps, on the new side of the orb of time, which we are so soon about to behold, there may be a relief for uncle from all the strange possessions which seemed to seize him after dear aunty's death, a vindication for our noble and upright Jack, a proof of the skill and wisdom of my despised Silas, and happiness for us all." And Mary Russell, singing blithely for the encouragement of her own heart, tripped through the wide corridors, down the wide stairs, and along the quaint, old-fashioned garden path which led to the shores of the lake.

It was an autumnal rather than a wintry day, yet perfect of its kind. The air was clear and cloudless, the sun resplendent above the western horizon; and from the southeast the wind was blowing steadily, with the breath of the sea in its embrace. The gravel walk was crisp and firm underneath Mary's feet, but along the side little rills were running, as if all the waters of the tableland had been summoned to a grand revolt against the supremacy of the frost. Through the breaks in the denuded shrubbery she could catch glimpses of the lake, a vast white expanse, with gray and blue tinges, sending forth a myriad iridescencies, or a darksome lower, in response to light or shade. Far out toward the center was Jennison's frame house, its roominess enhanced by the lack of detraction from any other object, as anomalous in appearance as would be a row boat on the top of a mountain. But where were the oxen, and where the men? There were no more signs of life than about Crusoe's deserted hut!

Mary paused in doubt, looking this way and that. Evidently, there was no use of proceeding; for some reason the work of transporting the house had been abanloned. Where, then, was Silas? Even while she hesitated Mary's face lighted with sur-prise and joy. For down the path over which she had just proceeded, following her from the house, there advanced a young man, tall, almost gaunt, kindly as to eyes and lips, and inquisitive as to nose. "I thought you would be looking for me, Mary," he said.

indeed." retorted Mary. "Then have known better than to have looked where you were supposed to be "I have finished my work," explained Silas, composedly, "and in very good shape,

"Then your father is going to be a Lap-lander in the winter and a Venetian in the

night if this wind continues. Listen, Mary, don't those sounds tell you something?" And even as he spoke from the lake there of a distant bombardment. "Oh, do you think the ice is going

break up, and are you so mischievous as to take delight in your father's misfortune?" "He can stand it, while misfortunes have come to those who can't. Tell me, Mary, why were you seeking me-to assert your fondness and felicitate me on my good looks?" The smiles faded from Mary's face and

her eyes filled with tears. "Oh!" she cried, "what a selfish little beast I am to have stood listening to such nonsense while Emily is in distress. And you are just as cool and unconcerned as if your best friend wasn't in a mysterious quandary-' "Mysterious quandary is good," interrupted Silas, dryly; "he is in jail." "Never; you don't mean it! They never

would dare treat such a man as John Kane so infamously! It will kill Emily, I know it will! And you, you-there you stand like a great, useless bear-" "Would you have me run around like a little one? Jack is all right. He is so obstinate and headstrong that a few hours' reflection will do him ne harm. By that time, if I want his services I can command them, never fear. You don't suppose the tin fretwork over those windows could stop me, do you? There is nothing else to do, Mary, except to wait. Why, there is no one in town who would go Jack's bail for a

"Wait, wait for what?" for the lake to break up. "I did not expect to meet with ill-timed

dollar, now that the Judge has gone back

jests, Mr. Steele, when I applied to you for comfort, for aid. I had assured my cousin so proudly that you would have an idea." "I have an idea," said Silas slowly. "Then tell me, do tell me, dear Silas! I ple thought. Do you think that uncle is in-sane, or that old Mrs. Banks is trying to get her money twice over, or what?" "My idea is that I have never seen you so charming as on this fine afternoon." "And you never will again, unless you sit down here on this bench and tell me what

ago. he stretched his long legs out from the rustic seat, "Well, then, Mary, you must know that I promised father my valuable last night about dusk I was across the lake arranging some gear when, who do you think I saw come cautionsly over the field and into the house through the front

"How can I tell? You surely don't "I surely do mean-oh, your prophetic soul-your uncle. The Judge glided in like an old pirate, and there I stood with my mouth agape. After awhile he was out again, rubbing his hands and chuckling in mistake. Perhaps farmer Steele never paid a way which would have given any other man in the county the delirium tremens to see, and then off he slunk in the mists overhanging the shore, and I was alone with my thoughts. Well, if I say it myself, deed, and more. Jack admits that he remembered that on the day of the sale paid the full sum immediately after the I had seen the Judge go into the house sale, which they say isn't usual. No, no; after the papers had been signed and the my poor friend is simply involved in an others had gone away. I remembered that inextricable evil. But I will never believe one evening last week I had met him, and, instead of exchanging a hearty greeting, Kan · as well as we know each other? But, me by without a sign and with a strange. cousin, dear, I think you should have more silly expression on his face. And yet on He is no child, to let people blow | the very next morning he had picked me over the character he has so carefully up going to town as pleasant as you please, erate success. When the evil days had bling old man.

that it would break down as it did today when we reached the center of the destand what you think. "I can't understand fully myself, but think just the same. Let me ask you a

am so wretched; my heart is so racked. I question. How was your uncle affected by don't know, I don't care to know what to the death of your aunt?" 'Why, you surely know, Silas. Oh, was a most pitiable sight to see him wandering about the house like a lost spirit over the scenes of former happiness. Never was there such abject, such unappeasable misery. And yet after awhile there came a strange change, not gradual, as people become resigned, but unlooked for and sud-den. And then, and then, oh, you know no other word whereby to express the how he has been-fitful, morose, arbitrary, tyrannical, with gleams of his old self, during which he would be so tender, yet so sad, so considerate, yet so forgetful of recent unkindnesses. He sent me away, remem-ber, and yet Emily says he wondered where

> "And how do you read this enigma?"
> "I can't read it; it remains an enigma "In such a case there can be no harm in attempting a solution. Now, I have read of men of grave, temperate lives, who have been utterly unable to face and withstand some irretrievable misfortune, and have been driven by their mental distress to the alleviation of drugs. There is no counting on the effects of narcotics, Mary. They may pervert the moral nature, they may overthrow the restraints of years, and permit inherited traits to have full sway. believe that the Judge has been attempting some such recourse in his grief. What he has been secretly taking, of course, I can't tell; perhaps opium, or chloral, some form of hyosciamus. The better the man the more thorough the ravages of such stuff. Now, supposing the Judge could be imprisoned somewhere under such circumstances that he would be forced to believe the deeds of his perversion; don't you think that contrition and shame and horror would compel him to abandon the habit and to retrieve its wrong? I do, and hence, when the house stuck out there, I persuaded father that there would be plenty of time to start it again to-morrow. But there won't be; you know I'm weather wise, Mary. And so believe me when I predict that before dark the lake will break up."

fect poor uncle? "Very radically, I should say, if he happened to be in the house at the time."
"Why, he would be drowned; he would perish with the cold." "Not at all, not at all. That house now stands over the pickerel ribs, where the water is not more than twelve feet deep. The weather is mild and the structure is stoutly and closely put together. There is some furniture within, and I rather think, is some furniture within, and I rather think, some provisions. He can be as snug as a bug for a day, and then to-morrow night Jack and I will go to his rescue and bring

The morning broke over a scene of desohim home clothed and in his right mind." lation. The house reared a story and a "Was there ever a more preposterous half above the grating, grumbli

"But what if it does? How can that af-

"Ask Emily whether her father hasn't been away lately without vouchsafing a word of explanation. As for the village folks, they will simply think that he has staved at home for the day.' "But what will cause him to go house this evening. "Ah, what caused him to go there last and the night before, and every night, likely, since the sale? I don't know, but I suspect. One thing is certain, Mary. Jack Kane paid that money over to the That is the reason why he is silent. He would not accuse Emily's father. I believe your uncle, when under some nar-cotic influence, hid it in that house, hoarded it away, like an old miser such as his father was, and that evenings, when he is dose, he remembers what he has done, and goes there to gloat over his possession. Now, supposing he finds himself a prisoner in this house, after the effect of the drug has worn away, with this money by his side? He can't deny that he has it, can he? He can't conveniently forget what he sees. Won't he at least perceive the dangers which surround him? Won't he at least And that is the greatest good that can be achieved, Mary. When your uncle is himself he is a noble man. There is no fear, then, that he would allow such a horrible charge to hang over his daughter's

"And then, think what the influences of he turn of the year would bring to his loneliness. The recollections, soft and pleasing and pathetic, of days gone by: the face of Emily as a babe, a little child, a maiden; in each phase the dearer; the face of his wife as a bride, a young mother, a dying woman, breathing blessings with her last breath. Ah, Mary, the pictures of the past cannot be blurred under such circumstances, and they all will plead for the "But it is so absurd for you to think

afflanced lover. There is no chance that he

would then fail to appreciate the surpass-

ing qualities of his niece's-

that you can pull strings and that the pup pets will do thus and so."
"Certainly they will, if the strings are the natural course of events." "And you would sacrifice your father's house for such a mad scheme? "I would sacrifice a dozen houses for such a glorious result; besides, the water will improve the timbers, and in the spring I will sink casks and raise it for him." "I don't know anything more idle," sald Mary Russell, rising and turning toward the house, "except for me to linger here listening to you. When I see my uncle shall I tell him that it is time for him to go out on the lake and be drowned?"

"You won't see your uncle." "And there is poor Emily. What shall say, as the result of my mission, to com-"Tell her that to-morrow night Kane will bring her a happy New Year greeting, which her father will second."

"Oh, you are incorrigible. Well, then good-bye "Is that all you have to say, Mary? "Good-bye and good luck to you," and Mary tripped over the path and into the use and delivered the message of good And somehow Emily Arnold was enlivened

by the vague promise. Silas Steele had always been noted for doing as surprising things for his friends as he did trivial ones for himself. Beside, there was the influence of the turn of the year and the inability of arose a dull, hollow booming, like the echo | young hearts to credit the durability of evil. And so the two girls descended to their dinner in a cheerful if not a merry

"But where is uncle?" asked Mary. was all nerved up to be either scolded ignored answered Emily, with a shade of lately." "His business calls him away, you know, and, of course, he feels more free than when mother was alive. He may

not be back for a day or so." The shadows of the bare boughs length ened, and down from the hills crept the gloom. The curtains had been drawn and the warm lights shone cherishingly on the two cousins as they lingered over the dessert. Suddenly the encompassing silence of the night was broken by a loud and violent report. "Mercy!" cried Mary, more startled by the fulfillment than by the concussion. What could that have been? Not the lake,

surely?" "Yes, my love," replied Emily, calmly, sound once heard can never be "That The ice has broken up in the

III. Silas Steele looked fondly after his sweet old-fashioned portals, and then he strolled leisurely along the shore of the lake. When he reached a parellel with the house on the ice he sat on a convenient log underneath the bank and waited. Need it be said that he lightened his vigil by both whistling and whittling? The evening was far from soundless. The waters were evidently alive and stirring. From one side and then from always said that you were wiser than peo- another there came sharp snaps and dull nesting, the birds encircled, shrilly piping you meant by what you said a moment he winked in self-admiration and walked briskly home. Nor did a significant report which vibrated during supper time prevent him from continuing and completing a heafty meal, despite his mother's dismay and his father's disgust. Justice should be

done though the heavens fell. Judge Arnold, as he made that definite acquaintances save Silas Steele would have doubted his identity, for his Honor's gait had ever been as firm and as straight as his rulings of the law. Little, though, did the Judge care for either hesitation or recognition; he was conscious of only one fierce desire; to count over and over again the crisp bills of the hoard which he had sophic mood he would have sympathized with those who might have doubted that truly a New Year for such a weak, conidentity. He felt no part nor share in that respectable personality which he could recollect, indeed, but only with a vague interest; That staid and rugged man, who might, once have been he, in his days of course, 'in law,' as would be most approprosperity had been satisfied with simple domestic joy, and with the rewards of mod-

sides of the picture in comparison with the absorbing passion of avarice. And so the Judge hurried on, though unsteadily, lest the mood which made his passion possible should pass away before its gratification was attained.

his eyes, to say nothing of his deductive powers, had he watched the Judge on his approach to the house. The old man faircrept 'round about, peering on every side, like a scout. When he was satisfied that no one was near, he entered, and iscended to the upper story. There was a lamp in the rear room, and this he lighted as soon as the heavy green shades had furtive tiptoeing-to the chimney-place, and, thrusting his hand up into the black maw, drew out a small package. He seated himself at the table, and, with trembling fingers, untied the tape. Ah! What wonders were contained in that little pile of fresh new bills! What music there was in their rustling; what soothing in their touch! In a visionary way, he knew that he possessed a far greater sum than this; but that honest accumulation of an honorable life seemed insignificant in comparison. This money did not belong to him, yet he held it. People were looking for it, yet they would never think of looking here. A man was in jail for its filching and would undoubtedly be found guilty of the act; and then would not his own title of craftiness and deceit be the more secure Two thou-sand dollars, every cent of which had been earned by the sweat of the brow! Was it not delicious to think how that thrifty farmer had saved and pinched that he might enjoy? Was there not a supreme gratification in having hoodwinked and taken simply by the right of one's own in-clination? Money thus gained and so hoarded was not merely money; it was a reservoir of exultation, and contentment, and sweet forgetfulness! So Judge Arnold mused as he counted and recounted the stolen bills, oblivious of time, loneliness, hunger; not hearing nor heeding the ominous sounds and thrills

which kept shooting through the house. Suddenly the table surged up toward him; he tilted violently in his chair. The lamp swung out and dashed, extinguished, to the floor. Then, in the blackness and mysterious crashing, there was an awful sinking sensation. Was he dying, was the world coming to an end? At least, even in mortality; at least, even in the extremest cataclysm, he would cling to and maintain that which he had won! Like a derelict, yielding at last to the continual inflow of water, the house rocked and settled. Its timbers creaked, yet they held; its sides swayed, yet they straightened. Finally, there was a gradual maintaining of equi-librium. The rushing sounds diminished into grindings and ripplings. When stabilbroken ice. The wind had ceased, and yet once and again some obscure tide would send a heavy cake banging against the side, and the whole fabric would quiver in apprehension of dissolution. Some such shock it must have been which at length aroused the Judge, for the curtains still kept the room in gloom. Instinctively he staggered to his feet, and, opening the window, looked out. Merciful God! where was he, or rather, how come he there? Of course, he knew the lake, and perceived that one of its strange freshets had oc-curred; but what was he doing in its very midst? As if to beat away an enthralling nightmare, Judge Arnold raised his hands to his brow and an instant later he was sitting on the rude couch, trembling from head to foot! Money in his grasp; money held close to his breast, as if it had some sacred value beyond its purchasing power! Was he transformed, possessed? Come, now, even if these were the tortures of hell, he would assert his mental strength and think! Two thousand dollars; was not that the very sum, were not these the identical bills, which he had seen farmer Steele pay to Jack Kane? What next had happened? Why could he not remember the details of an ordinary business transaction' Why could he not? Ah, didn't he know in his heart what it was that lately made him surly and irritable and forgetful? Did he not remember that he had felt the old weakness returning, the depression the agony against which he had struggled so fruitlessly, and had gone home where that awaited him which could afford at least a temporary relief? Surely, now did remember it; but where then had gone? Shame on his menhood that could accept such awful slavery for the sake of ease! And had the consequent sensations been those of ease alone! Had not fierce unusual passions, utterly foreign to his nature, been aroused; might not these have brought him to this incredible pass of being

hid in a deserted house with stolen money in his possession? Come, then, let him think, lest he should weep and mourn himself to death! Throughout the day the Judge reclined with his head in his hands and the de-spised bills scattered on the floor by his side. He made no attempt to seek food side. He made no attempt to seek food nor even drink, though his lips and throat were parched from the narcotic which he had taken at the previous eventide. Perhaps this abstinence was of help, for his purpose, for, though he grew physically weak, his mind hour by hour gained in clearness and grasp. And thus, little by little, first an apprehension and then a com-prehension of his downward course since that day of his entrance upon a fatal addiction, came to him. As if in a series of pictures, of which he was neither the subject nor the artist, he beheld the perverting of his moral nature through the insidious influence of the narcotic-how he had grown arbitrary and brutal at home and miserable and corrupt when abroad. Could he give it credence? had the fair image of his character in truth so degenerated? Alas! his memory, as if taking its revenge for its stifling, grew more and more acute. He recollected that John Kane had turned this money over to him and that he, when the others had departed, through some crazy whim which had then seemed vastly cunning, had concealed it in this very house and had returned again and again to gloat over its possession. Oh, it was as incredible as it was unbearable. What had been quality which he had ever despised most in man, the attribute which he had deemed most infernal? Niggardliness, avarice, greed; that foul spirit which had moved his own father to deeds of cruelty and meanness, which had blighted the life of his mother and had rendered his child hood a dull, starved period of suffering. And yet, contemptible and wicked as had been that parent's course, his own, despite warning and education and inclination, had Desperation permeated the Judge's being. His day was done; it had gone down in the murkiness of disgrace. He would retrieve as well as he might and then he would die. Lucky that fate had brought him to a spot where least likely of all search would be made. In his pocket was a memorandum book. He tore out the leaves, and with a pencil, which hung as a charm on his massive chain, wrote a full account of his misdeeds, exonerating Kane to the fullest degree and begging that out of forgiveness when this task was done the darkness of

e would keep his troth with Emily. And the last night of the year was coming on apace, hopeless, the Judge endured its coming without a thought of relief save the prayerful one that it might be the last on earth for him. It must have been though, that, all opposing, the Judge slept; for when, with a start he became vividly conscious, he also knew that the hour was late. What, then, was it that had aroused into tingling every fiber of body and soul? The sound of a bell, softly borne over the turbid waters from Ridgeville-the voice of the old Queen Anne bell; there was no mistaking its mellow tones. Ah, why did it speak out now, after such a long silence, and what was its message to him, alone, bereft, in darkness and despair? The last time that that bell had been rung was on the day of his marriage, that first link of a golden chain of blessedness. What occasion now

came from no mortal tolling. Let him listen, then, and obey even as that dear wife would listen and obey were he dead and she to hear its notes in her dreams. And this is the song which the bell bore to the ears of this crushed and humiliated man: "Be strong of heart, my husband; cheerful, and of good courage, for love is eternal and death but the gateway of life. In the happiness of others find you your joy, remembering that the turn of the year is a turn toward the sunlight, and that my blessing on you was, 'Peace and good will,"

could there be for its ringing? Perhaps its

sounds were for him; perhaps its peals

The tolling ceased, and Judge Arnold fell Then he sprang to his feet, lighted the lamp, determined that he would not perish like a rat in a hole, but would meet his trouble like a man who in truth's name could command victory. Scarcely had arranged himself than he heard shouts and a great bumping by one of the lower winlows. Lamp in hand, he descended to the landing, and threw open the sash. There, in a stout little boat, having scuiled, poled, and dragged through the broken field, were Silas Steele and Jack Kane. They shouted all the louder at the Judge's appearance. "We have come to wish you a happy New Year," said Jack. "After the manner of Washington cross-

ing the Delaware," rejoined Silas, "Oh, boys, oh, Jack," implored the poor "can you forgive me, and is there Judge. termitible wretch?" "Many of them, sir," responded Silas "With Jack here as your son, and yours truly as your nephew, both, o And Jack Kane sprang from the priate. boat and threw his arms around the trem-

is a statement fully exonerating you. But what will the people say? And what will the people do?" "I want no exoneration-only your love," protested Jack, as he tore the manuscript into bits. "And as for the people, what Even sims Steele might have doubted can they say, except that you suffered a temporary lapse of memory through your awful grief? What can they do, except to sympathize all the more with you?"

"But the girls," faltered the old man, as he permitted himself to be helped into the boat; "how will they receive me after my cruel, unreasonable conduct?" "Look!" said Silas, pointing to the distant shore, and there, by a great bonfire which cast its ruddy radiance far and wide, could be seen the forms of the two cousins, awaiting the happy return. "Mary must have had the utmost faith in your prediction, Silas," said Jack. "And yet, she makes light of it," re

"But I can't make it all real," sighed the Judge. "How are you here, Jack, and why did they ring the old Queen Anne bell? Or did I only dream that I heard its mellow "They rung the bell baceuse Jack was here," explained Silas, "You see, I took the

liberty of asking his company this even-ing, through the grating with a screwdriver. Now, the jailer must have discovered his absence and sounded the alarm "No, not for him, but for me," said the adge, solemnly. "The music of that chime, Judge, solemnly. replete with tender memories, taught me that one should never repine nor yield, but

look for better things with the turn of the year.' -New York Times.

SPAIN'S RUIN OF CUBA. People Taxed to Poverty by an Unbroken Line of Bad Rulers.

Philadelphia Press. While we are reading daily of the efforts of the brave little army of Cubans who are struggling so heroically to free their country from the tyrannical rule of Spain, few of us have any conception of the cruelty and injustice under which Cuba has been writhing for so many years. Since the discovery of the island by Columbus on his first voyage, it has been the scene of constant bloodshed—with only spasmodic and very brief intervals of peace. In the earliest days the coast towns, all of which have fine harbors, were continually being fired and pillaged by the pirates who infested the pillaged by the pirates who infested the seas; then came the invasions by the French and the surrender to the English, the final restoration to the Spaniards, under whose despotism Cuba has always been in a state of insurrection and rebellion. The Spanish throne is represented in the

island by a governor-general, amenable only to the reigning power of Spain, and who, assisted by the general of the precincts into which Cuba is divided, taxes, fines and persecutes the Cuban subjects at his will. When the protestations of the people against the injustice of the august Governor becom too clamorous to be unheeded, he is recalled and retires to sunny Spain to enjoy the fortune he has amassed during his official term, and is succeeded by some other nobleman who has been waiting on the list for an opportunity to repair his broken finances by exorbitant taxes and fines. The new Governor arrives full of reform movements, which end in changes that leave the poor Cuban more oppressed than ever.

The sources of the revenue to Spain are inexhaustible. The merchant doing business in Cuba must, once a month, submit his entire set of books to a Spanish official, who kindly stamps with the government seal each separate folio that has been used in his ledger, daybook and cash book, and for which little attention on the part of Spain the merchant pays a tax of 5 cents for each page. Every receipt must have a government stamp costing a reale, or about 6 cents, and every man on the island must be provided with a cedula or passport, for which he is taxed by the district magistrate a peso, or \$1 per year. An American com-pany operating in Cuba two years ago was obliged to keep on the pay roll a Spanish lawyer at a salary of \$2,500 per annum, an alcaide, or magistrate of the district, at \$25 per month, two custom house officials at an ounce of gold for each per month, with the alternative of being taxed and fined to such an extent as to make it impossible to carry on operations. The company was also obliged to furnish houses, horses and food for a squad of guardia civile, or mounted police, who were paid small wages by the Spanish government, in copper coin, which in Cuba is not legal tender, except for revenue and postage stamps.
All Americans conducting business are re-

quired to keep a set of books in Spanish for the inspection of the Spanish officials. All signs displayed in front of shops are taxed at so much per letter, which leads to the display of many curious emblems in the effort of the shopkeepers to evade this absurd levy. With a system of taxation cov-ering every detail of all branches of industry, it can be readily seen that the yearly income of Cuba to Spain is immense and that this legal robbery will soon ruin and crush the little island forever. Nor is it difficult to understand that the depriva-tion of all their rights, political, civil and religious, their exclusion from all offices, together with excessive taxation, have engendered between the Cuban and the mass of Spanish officials a bitter hatred. The native Cubans, although resembling physically the Spaniards, are free from the treachery and deceit of the latter. They are naturally intelligent, conscientious and hospitable to all save a Spaniard. They are largely owners of plantations or in the cities are lawyers and merchants. There are but few cultured and literary men, the constant insurrections doing much to keep the education and general advancement of the people at a standstill. There are no schools open to the masses, the wealthy Cuban usually educating his children in the States or abroad. The moral tone of the island, like that of all tropical or semi-tropical countries, is far below our stand-

Marriages are contracted very early in Cuba, from fourteen to sixteen being considered an eligible age for both girls and boys, and the entire courtship of the youth-ful lovers being carried on under the wise and watchful senora. A Cuban lover does not inconvenience himself to pay homage to his senorita, nor does she ever sulk or pout at this lack of attention. Seeing a wedding party leave one of the cathedrals of Santiago de Cuba, I noticed the young and handsome groom leave the bride chat-ting with her friends on the pavement, dash into a shop on the opposite side of the street without which a Cuban's life is unendurable. Picture, if you can, the countenance of one of our American girls under similar circumstances, but the prettty little senora did not even frown. On the front walls of that same cathedral were displayed two huge placards announcing that Senorita Marie would disport soon at the theater and that Senora Don Fernandez would have a grand cock fight on Sunday at Calle de Marino, Numero 8. The Cuban women of rank are seldom seen after 9 in the morning, before which hour they do their shopping, until 4 in the af-ternoon, when they go for a drive. Dur-ing the heat of the day, in fact, from 11 to 3, business in the cities is practically suspended, only the porters to be seen lounging about the entrances of shops and banks. One of the most curious sights in a Cuban street is the original way in which milk is often served. The cows are driven from door to door and milked for each separate customer. Very often the cows are accompanied by their offspring that have refused to remain behind.

Primitive as it now is in many of its conditions, who can predict the future of the little island could it once stand free from the disadvantages under which it now labors? With its interior full of precious woods, abounding in sugar and tobacco, the cultivation of which has been almost paralyzed by the continual uprisings, rich in mines of iron, manganese and copper ore, which the present systems make it impossible to operate with success, what a prosperou little republic Cuba will be when she has broken the chains of tyranny that have held her down for so many dismal years.

THE AMISH ERROR. Reasons for Treating These Mistaken People with Leniency.

New York World.

It is reported that in southern Indiana the authorities are having more or less trouble with a curious sect of believers who call themselves the Amish and whose beliefs are at variance with the regularly accepted doctrines prevalent among the other inhabitants of the State. The basic idea of the Amish creed is that the world is lat. To this doctrine they firmly adhere, regarding all attempts to prove the contrary as suggestions of evil origin. As a natural result of this distorted acceptance of a question of fact the Amish indulge in unpardonable vagaries on the question of principle. They refuse to accept the necessity of an oath.

provide themselves with marriage laws of their own, repudlate the authority of the constable, and otherwise offend the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of Indiana and set at naught the statutes in such cases made and provided. in the matter. While no condemnation can be too severe for people who live in the light of modern science and insist that the world is flat, it would not do to be too severe in pun-

ishing these votaries of Amish in Indiana. There are in southern Indiana and in the adjoining territory large numbers of otherwise harmless citizens who contend that 50 cents is the same as a dollar, and that this truth can be established by appro-priate legislation. This doctrine is quite as fallacious as the Amish doctrine regarding the flatness of the terrestrial globe and much more damaging in its results on the general welfare. Yet as no one would regred. What better lawyer is there in the And then I began to put two and two tocounty? I have heard uncle himself say gither, and as a result I fixed that gear so he had suffered! Fatuous seemed both explained the Judge, hurriedly; "and here well to treat the Amish cranks in the seriously propose to visit any penalties of the law on the silver cranks it might be

same way. If they were the only offenders we might try the effect of mild coercion on them, but there are others. The Amish of southern Indiana are perhaps an intelligent body compared with the majority of the Senate of the United States.

One Grievous Sin.

His plea was very earnest, but St. Peter shook his head. "There is no room around here for a man like you," he said. "No doubt you have some virtues, but your record isn't clear, And much as I regret it, sir, we cannot keep you here."

plicant began; "There's none can say I swindled or up' my fellow-man; always gave fair value, and I paid m clerks well, too. St. Peter bowed approvingly and answered "That is true.

"I've tried to prove my honesty," the ap-

"I gave a lot in charity," the applicant de-"Relying on my promises no mortal badly fared. For I was ever thoughtful as I think you

"That is so. "Then why should you refuse me, sir?" the applicant inquired. "If I've been fair and truthful, too, pray why should I be fired?" St. Peter slowly answered, seeming disinclined to talk:
"I noticed in the winter time you never cleaned your walk.'

-Chicago Post. AMERICA'S COMMON ROADS.

Statistics Which Show that Cheap Highways Are the Most Costly.

The Manufacturer. The total length of the common roads in this country, good, bad and indifferent, is estimated by General Stone, of the Road Bureau of the Department of Agriculture. at something over 1,300,000 miles. The majority of these roads have been opened by common laborers, hired by local supervisors, and no engineering principles have been observed in their construction. As a result it costs more to keep them in repair than if they were as many finely macadamized

Keeing these poor roads in repair and opening new thoroughfares cost Massachusetts in 1893, outside of cities, \$1,136,944, or \$66.30 per mile; New York, \$2,500,000, or \$30 per mile, and New Jersey, \$778,407.82, or \$43.25 per mile. The total expenditure for roads in that year amounted to about \$20,000,000. As a greater part of the enormous sum was spent in repairing poorly constructed roads that would need exactly the same attention next year, it is not an

Fine roads can be constructed all the way from \$400 to \$500 per mile, according to the | 82 & 84 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Ind. nature of the country through which they pass, the cost of crushed stone and other engineering problems. The cost of keeping these roads in repair is infinitely smaller than that required to repair the ordinary dirt roads each winter and spring, when great gulleys and ruts are washed into them by the rains and floods. The secret of the success of the fine roads in France, is attributed to the prompt and systematic repairs made at all seasons of the year.

BOSTON, Jan. 1.-The American Wool and Cotton Reporter will say to-morrow The sales in the three principal markets of the country in the last week of 1895 have amounted to 12,213,000 lbs, nearly 7,500,000 lbs of which were domestic stock of every known description. This wool has been sold on the average at prices 5 per cent. in advance of the actual pre-Christmas selling rates, and at least four-fifths of it has gon nto consumption. Nevertheless, the stock purchased last week was all bought cheap and was good property, even at the utmost advance paid for any particular class of wool. While a large part of the business has been done with the worsted people, the wool manufacture has been well represented, which is regarded on all hands as a healthy symptom. In Boston, 8,156,000 lbs, a round 6,000,000 lbs of which was domestic, is the market record for the last week of 1895. The year went out without excitement, with the market firm on all kinds of wool.

A Lesson Learned.

Washington Star. "What do you expect to bring forward in this Congress?" said one new member to

"Absolutely nothing," was the reply. "But are you not going to try to write your name on the immortal scroll of fame? Don't you realize that you were sent here by your constituents to see to it that these other fellows don't let the ship of state drift on to a sand bar?" "My dear friend, I don't bother myself with reflections of that kind. My wife, who is a discerning and practical woman, once made a remark to me during house-cleaning time which has assisted me on many oc-

casions.' "What was it?" "She said that next to a genuine hero the man to be most admired is one who

knows how not to get in the way.'

Rather Personal. New Haven New New Haven churchgoers were a little discomposed Sunday to have a tall young man on the sidewalk thrust into their hands

as they passed cards bearing these printed Fill This Out and Put Over Your Bed. IF I DIE TO-NIGHT I SHALL

Go to..... Signed ..... Date .....

#### A FAST LIFE

ITS PLEASURES AND ITS PERILS.

Men and Women Who Live at Lightning Speed, and Will Only Take a Vacation in the Grave-The Pace That Kills.



ly changed, and, in some respects, not for the better. The tide of life and competition is stronger than it was fifty years ago, and, like a swimmer with a strong tide against one must expend double the energy to win to the shores of success.

T.mes have certain-

It makes no difference what goal we aim at, the conditions are the same. We live too fast, work too hard, drink too much, sleep too little, keep our nerves on the strain and jump all the time. There are two classes of fast livers Those who work too hard and too long. Those who do not work at all. Both classes are reaching the same end

though, perhaps, by somewhat different They are "burning the candle at both and even a child can predict the Increased speed in ANY machine, human or otherwise, means increased wear and tear and waste.

Increased waste of the tissues of the body means increased work for the kidneys, whose place it is to remove poisons and impurities. Increased kidney work means increased strain upon those organs, and in-creased strain without rest or relief means

This is why so many fast livers, hard workers, bard drinkers, and hard smokers die of Bright's disease. Many men not satisfied with the harm their overwork or fast living is doing them must needs add to it voluntarily by putting more poisons into the system that still further add to the work of the kidneys and irritate and inflame these organs. We refer to Alcohol, Tobacco, and Opiates. Surely there are enough poisons and impurities in our blood already without adding

They are foiling day and night in your behalf as it is. Don't add to their burdens unless you are anxious to issue invitations for a funeral. Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills are precisely what you need and what your kidneys would ask for if they had a voice No use advising you to live slower, to work less, to go to bed early, and moderate the gait at which you are going. You simply won't do it. You may think you will, but you won't.

And yet we do it with the mistaken idea

that we stimulate our brains, increase our

appetites, or soothe our nerves

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st. Peter bowed approvingly and answered: Compartments from \$5 a Year Up

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